(Part One of *Bealuwes Gast*)

Bealuwes Gast

Of Mythos, Sorcery, and a Mad Mage

A Mad Mage
(from a painting by Richard Moult)

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Introduction

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One

It is a great honour for me to contribute to the introduction of this, the definitive autobiography of The Author of Bealuwes Gast.

The Author of Bealuwes Gast is my closest and oldest friend, and I in turn like to think that I have come perhaps closest to appreciating the unity of his myriad lives and masks - often so contradictory and perplexing and enraging to outsiders. And also to knowing the man within - often sensitive, humorous, gentle and very human, and always empathic and inspiring.

Life for him has been and is an opportunity to be reveled in and not to be wasted. This work presents aspects of that life (and there is much left unwritten) and is a reminder to all of us who can all too easily lose ourselves in the illusory mundane existence of this present age.

The Author of Bealuwes Gast is a traveller in all senses, a pioneer leading the way in exploring the unchartered worlds within, around and without us. Perhaps many decades or centuries hence, he will be understood and celebrated as the human voyager he is: an example of one nexion of life seeking to understand itself within the infinite cold spaces of the cosmos.

All essential facets of human existence are contained in this one book, as manifested within this one extra-ordinary man.

Richard Moult,
Scotland
9/vii/21

Two

I first met The Author of Bealuwes Gast one February day in early 1998 (CE) when around fifty members of Combat 18 gathered in north London to protest against a march by IRA supporters.

I'd been familiar with his political writings for a while - but there he was, on

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the streets of London, surrounded by Police officers and standing in front of that group of mostly young tough-looking men dressed in the causal style then favoured by Combat 18 supporters. He seemed out of place, what with his bushy ginger beard, his flat cap, his Barbour jacket, tweed trousers, country boots and - unknown to the Police - carrying a sword-stick disguised as an umbrella. He looked a bit like a farmer, visiting London for the day, who'd taken a couple of wrong turnings.

Later, in some nearby Pub, we got to talking - and our conversation soon turned to topics other than politics. It was fascinating, listening to him talk, in those days before he moved into Muslim circles, closed to the likes of us, and before he became, after that foray into radical Islam, something of a mage-like recluse. Fascinating because he opened for me many a new world - the ancient myths and legends of Shropshire, where I was then living; stories and tales about rural English life, and, last but certainly not least, Vindex and the Galactic Imperium.

Softly spoken, with a well-educated accent, and dressed in his country clothes, he conjured up another way of life, another world - far beyond that busy inner-city Pub, far beyond the streets of London, and far beyond the modern world itself. A throw-back, perhaps, to olden, more rural, times - or, as I then thought, a harbinger of things yet to be. An embodiment of the type of person, the type of life, that his Reichsfolk organization wanted to nurture. Intelligent, well-mannered, well-educated, cultured, people - a new sort of aristocracy, a new gentry - but who were not afraid to "get their hands dirty", who were used to hard work, and who were tough enough, in body and spirit, to defend themselves and their loved ones. What was also refreshing, for me, was that he was his own man - he didn't care about what others said or wrote about him; didn't care about what they thought about the way he dressed. He didn't want to or have to please people, and certainly didn't want to "fit in" or ape the way others behaved, talked, or dressed. He was just being himself. He certainly had an easy-going charm, and was nothing like the rabid fanatic his political enemies portrayed him to be.

It's fair to say that he then inspired me, on the personal level, as his writings had done on the political level, and - over the next couple of years - I was to read much of his other, non-political, material, from his poetry, to his Greek translations, to his writings about what he then called Folk Culture, which he later transformed, or rather evolved, into his Numinous Way. But it was to be his myth - or as he described it, the mythos - of Vindex and the future Galactic Imperium that inspired me the most, and still does.

This mythos is, in my view, one of his greatest achievements - a melding of occult, mythic, and pagan, elements with an inspiring vision of the future. It

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is the vision of us changing ourselves - via acts of will, and consciously - and being the ancestors for a new breed, a new type, of human beings who, inspired by the wider perspective of life and the cosmos, have an insatiable urge to explore beyond Earth. This raises us our from the mire of earth-bound materialism, and frees us from that debilitating, egalitarian, culture-destroying, enervating, tyrannical Magian ethos that would have us as slaves to what has been called the un-numinous abstractions of religion, the State, and modern nations. This vision gives us hope - for it makes us aware of who and what we might be; who we have the capacity, the ability, to be, Promethean cosmic pioneers of many and diverse cultures. Why settle for less? Why be tax-paying slaves of the new tyranny? Why let our ancestral cultures, our natural diversity, be subsumed by Homo Hubris, that slave of the Magian?

Instead, we should liberate ourselves, and be the founders of new, of diverse, and of extra-terrestrial, cultures; and cultures which live, are numinous, and many of which are founded on the traditions, the ways, of our own ancestors, thus keeping alive something vital, something immensely important and something which manifests the reality, the very diversity, of us, of Nature, of the very cosmos itself. This - this liberation, this vision, this dream, this inspiration - is what The Author of Bealuwes Gast has imparted to me.

It's also interesting to me - and pertinent - that The Author of Bealuwes Gast writes, in the Apologia section, of himself saying, " I am and have been wicked," - for the English word *wicked* is derived from the old, medieval, English word wycke (variously spelt waeke; wicke) which itself derived from *wicca*, the craft of the witch and the warlock, who were the custodians of the ancient, pagan, indigenous, traditions that the soul-less, un-numinous, the abstract, religion of the Nazarene displaced and most barbarously sought to eradicate. For this older way - this ancient, pagan, tradition he himself belongs to, and inherited - was woven from that same "muliebral thread" that he says has bound his many diverse lives together, and which bind together the three ways he himself has created from his own life and experiences.

Richard Stirling
Reichsfolk
121 YF

Three

It wasn't until a few years ago that I was introduced to the writings of somebody named Anton Long. Back then I was deep into my Buddhist studies,

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so I had very little interest in the type of subjects that this Anton Long was associated with. But on one occasion while doing some research for a friend on this "Anton Long" and the Order of Nine Angles, I chanced upon The Author of Bealuwes Gast and his other writings such as those to do with Reichsfolk and The Numinous Way.

Reading his own work, penned under another name, recalled to my mind my own simple way of life which I had long forgotten about. I saw in these writings the same love for Nature, the same adoration of Life, and the same yearning for the Stars; except he said it all better then I ever did. There was in me a feeling of comfort and gladness, knowing that there was somebody else in the world who felt that inner yearning I had long forgotten about -

> It feels like ages ago, now, when I was ten years younger, when a strange impulse come over me one evening. Things my friends and I were talking about that week, and books I read helped give birth to that strange impulse. Kayla and I had a mutual friend whose grandfather was something to with the German SS. We'd often go to his house to hang out. I would leave Kayla and our friend by themselves and talk with our friend's father and he would tell all these weird stories his father the SS person had told him. Stories of secret Nazi expeditions to Tibet, to Antarctica, in search for a race of superbeings called the Vril-ya who lived in a underground kingdom.
>
> My mind was all over the place that week and I suddenly one night felt an impulse to invent my own religion based on the stories I heard about the Vril-ya. I let my pen roll free on my school note book and a fictional myth began to cascade from my pen in which I intertwined the own simple personal beliefs I had at the time. It was supposed to be fictional and mythological, but also the kind of myth that inspired a new way of life. I wrote it in a semi-biblical, "Quranic", style.
>
> The myth began with the Empress of the Vril-ya – who was non-physical – recalling the history of the human species to a bearded man who was the Empress' Scribe I named "White Beard". The Empress recalled to White Bread's mind how human kind first came to the earth as Djinn or beings of light who made Antarctica their first home. There was a cataclysm that turned the earth upside down which placed Antarctica at the bottom of the world where it began to freeze.
>
> And the First Race left on boats to the three nearest lands: Africa, South America, and Australasia. The Empress then tells White Bread to remind the Human Race what She and Mankind's forgotten pagan gods did for them in those times and how mankind became arrogant,

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> and turned their faces from the gods of primal earth and were forsaken. Mankind grew more arrogant and distant from Nature, from Life, and more engrossed in materialism, the flesh, and religions.
>
> The Empress instructs her Scribe White Beard to remind the few who feel a living yearning in them to remember the earth's primal gods once more and to return to their undefiled state of innocence where they were at one with Nature, with Life, and Feral. Then the Empress asks White Bread to call Her people's attention up toward the dark sky and to reach for every star in the heavens, until the race of man achieves its fated destiny.
>
> Kayla named that little mythical work I wrote, in one night, *Opus Vrilis*, and she and our mutual friend spent some time trying to give our new religion life in the real world. But we were very young back then, and other things like Myspace captured our teenage interests so that we all soon forget Opus Vrilis and its simple, Numinous way of life.

It was child-like ability of The Author of Bealuwes Gast to Dream, which most mundanes lose in the staleness of their adulthood, that I found most delightful and deeply inspiring and reminded me of my *Opus Vrilis*. His personal Quest to learn about himself and Life - and his sharing of his insights based on his own direct experiences in his Numinous Way - was what impressed me the most about him. It was The Author of Bealuwes Gast who got me to look deeper into the Order of Nine Angles. It was he, his dreams, visions, hopes, that led me to see potential in his Numinous Way and the ONA.

I am the type of person that does not care so much about a person’s ideas or teachings, for such things I can formulate on my own. But when I find a person I admire who has a mind greater than mine, I value that mind more. So I try to figure out, anyway I can, how that mind works, how it sees the world, what it has experienced, and what it dreams of. This way, rather than just agreeing with another person’s ideas, I can instead work on evolving my own mind; shapeshifting it; into the mind I admire. So I can see the world with the same eyes, so my mind can work in the same manner, and so I can feel those Life experiences that mind had.

This autobiography is such a window into a Mind which lives out of place and time. I personally find the author’s personal life stories, his evaluations and interpretations of his experiences, far more valuable than mere ideas or teachings. Because they allow me to gain an understanding of who The Author

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of Bealuwes Gast is and was, and how his mind works. From gaining such a vantage point I can then evolve my own mind to that same level to generate my own thoughts and ideas.

So in this way, it can't be said that I blindly follow the author's teachings or agree with all his ideas. I formulate my own ideas. They just end up being very similar because I struggle to "acquire" his mind's state of being and vantage point. This is a concept that I hope that those associated with me and The Author of Bealuwes Gast will come to understand and practice themselves. To understand that there are people out there wiser than you, to struggle to acquire their mindset and vantage points, so they you can evolve your own mind to think for yourself and progress toward your own inner potential.

This autobiography also shows us that when it comes to *The Sinister* the author not only talks the talk, but walks the walk. In this autobiography we see that the author has lived his whole life in a Sinister Way from his early teenage years up till now. He may have gone into various political and religious ideologies; but he was and has remained supra-mundane. The Author of Bealuwes Gast has always lived a Sinister Life.

This sets the author apart from others who plague the occult scene. These people are pretenders or fantasists who superficially put on a costume and in their lack of genuine wisdom, creativity, and originality they plagiarize other people's writings to write some satanic bible or plagiarize the dead gods of a dead culture to reinvent some setian religion. The author's Sinister Way and his Numinous Way came out of his own Life experiences and peregrinations. I am a person that values a mind which is genuinely creative, original, and wise over a mind that wears superficial costumes, plays make believe, and tried to get others to play along, such types litter and pollute occultism and religion in general. Such that a mind like that of The Author of Bealuwes Gast, and his insights, are a breath of fresh air.

Of course, there is more to The Author of Bealuwes Gast than the Occult. There is real world Sinister actions and deeds. There are real world experiences with political and religious radicalism. There were experiences with crime and ultraviolence. The blissful moments and pleasures of Life. The visible growth of such life experiences into wisdom and understanding that numinously ripens with reflection and age. And there is a vision and dream that inspires us to reach for our fated destiny: the next step in our human evolution.

But sadly such men as The Author of Bealuwes Gast are ahead of their time. The Author of Bealuwes Gast is an aeonic anomaly that exists out of time and place. What he says or writes today will have little meaning to mundanes out

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there. Those people of today in the mundane world have grown stale and dead to the mystery and Call of the Cosmos. For such things don't fit into their daily mundane lives and the materialism they are lost in. It may be a long while before the rest of humanity catches up to the visions and dreams of The Author of Bealuwes Gast.

For those few of us, today, who resonate with the author's aura and vibe, he, his Numinous Way, and his Order of Nine Angles, truly are *The Road Less Traveled*, which we share and walk as comrades. And in time – long from now – even when The Author of Bealuwes Gast has left the causal realm behind, these stories of the Baleful Life he once lived, and the Way of Life he presenced, will be a guiding star for those Dreccian people and that Kulture who and which will arise out of our present enterprise and endeavours.

Chloe 352
Orange County,
California, 121 yf

Bealuwes Gast

Of Mythos, Sorcery, and a Mad Mage

Apologia

Balewa; I am and have been wicked. That is, *I Am Gray* - balanced between, and yet beyond, Light and Dark; a Shade derived from many colours. And in this one statement there lies something of the reality of my life, and the essence of *ἀληθέα* - that which lies behind the outer (false) appearance that covers or may conceal the real Reality beyond mundane perception and beyond all limited causal abstractions. As someone once wrote:

> *ἴδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα,*
> *ἴδμεν δ', εὖτ' ἐθέλωμεν, ἀληθέα γηρύσασθαι* [1]

In my life, I have often artfully contrived to conceal certain things, as I have,

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via pathei-mathos and various Dark Arts, developed that innate skill which has enabled me, when I so desired, to expose, to reveal, the meaning of certain things, certain events of my living.

Here, in this brief journal-like apologia - which I have entitled *Bealuwes Gast* - is *ἀλήθεα*; some minor recounting, revealing, of the inner, the esoteric, meaning of my strange and wyrdful life. A recounting, moreover, of the essence - not the mundane - and a recounting which I have no doubt only a perceptive, a gifted, a baleful, few will appreciate and understand, at least for the next century or so. And it is these few who will perhaps see the muliebral thread that has bound my lives together. Lives which, lived by a single individual, in many ways exemplify the practical sinister tradition to which I belong and to which I have remained loyal for all of my adult life [2].

However, there are many things about my life which will not be written about - which should not be written about - by me. Many events which I have no need to write about, for both esoteric and more practical reasons. For certain matters - indeed many matters - regarding my life should remain aural, and thus part of a sinisterly-numinous, a living, esoteric tradition, passed on within only our own kind, from person to person.

The quintessence of my living is that, for over forty years, I have involved in an esoteric, an Occult, quest, along what has, conventionally, been termed The Left Hand Path. In the course of this life-long quest I have saught not only practical experience of esoteric Dark Arts, but also practical exoteric experience of both the Light and the Dark; thus exploring, and transgressing, the limits within and external to myself. From all this diverse experiencing, this sinister presencing, I have, often wyrdfully guided, manufactured a tripartite system, a Way, whose individual aspects, while appearing exoterically to be separate, are esoterically interconnected.

Thus, exoterically, the three aspects are or can be - and generally are, by mundanes - considered as separate, as independent, of and different from each other, with each aspect being generally useful, in its own right, in three ways: (1) capable of guiding individuals to a certain new understanding of themselves and of Existence itself; (2) able to, via an inner alchemy to change individuals (and which inner alchemy is unknown to the individual); and (3) able to affect supra-personal changes, and thus provoke or lead to or be the genesis of what mundanes, via their causal abstractions, have termed social, political, and religious, change.

Esoterically, however, these three aspects are just different manifestations of the same quintessential thing: of the particular *Presencing Of The Acausal*

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that has been brought-forth-into-being, in the causal, through the nexion I am, and I have been.

Or, expressed in terms many Occultists will be more familiar with, they are Aeonic Sorcery, and a sorcery which can provoke or lead to or be the genesis of - and actually bring-into-being - a New Aeon, with the three essential outer aspects of this New Aeon being the emergence of a new type of human being, the emergence of new, liberating, ways of living, and of this new species of human being leaving this Earth to explore and seed themselves among the stars of our Galaxy, and ultimately, among the star-systems of other Galaxies.

The three aspects are - exoterically named - that esoteric association known as The Order of Nine Angles; that mystical philosophy known as The Numinous Way; and the Mythos of Vindex, which Mythos has included and which still includes (among other aspects) what is and has been exoterically known as the ethical way of Reichsfolk.

Quintessentially, therefore, I am, and have been for all my adult life, a sorcerer of dark, baleful, sorcery striving to bring-forth-into-being, in the causal, through my sorcery, that supra-personal nexion which is often called A New Aeon.

But few see or have seen the esoteric wyrdful muliebral essence that lies hidden - and has lain hidden - behind the outer appearances of my varied lives and my varied creations, as few Occultists, of whatever Way, or none, presently see or intuit the muliebral essence of this New Aeon itself.

Anton Long
121 Year of Fayen

Early Years

Africa

My earliest - and some of my fondest - memories are of colonial Africa in the 1950's CE, where I, as a quite young child, spent many happy years. There are memories of travelling, with my father, in a car - with running boards and coach doors - along an upward road in the Great Rift Valley, and which road

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seemed to drop precipitously on one side, and which steep slopes held many a crashed vehicle, recent, and otherwise. There are memories of travelling to a European-only resort - by Lake Naivasha, I seem to recall - where there was a path down to the lake strewn with beautiful flowering plants, and where one could spent many happy hours while, in the clubhouse, elderly (to me) memsaabs, many with bare flabby arms, would down their G&T's, often excusing their seemingly prodigious thirst because the Tonic, dear boy, contained Quinine.

There are memories of playing in a shallow river near our dwelling in East Africa - no one around for miles - and of a family picnic by another, quite distant and deeper, far wider, river on whose bank was a wooden sign with the inscription *Beware of the Crocodile*. There are memories of going AWOL and walking - with the younger of my two sisters - miles and miles along a road, into the bush, and which road I had been told was off-limits to Europeans. We stopped once, as the Sun descended on that travelling day, to drink from our canteen of water and open the tin of beans I carried which we ate, cold (being even then of a practical nature, I had ensured I had a can opener). I seem to recall the Police - a European officer and his Askari - found us as dark fell, and I could not understand what all the fuss was about. Since everybody said we should not go there, I simply had to go and see what was there - which turned out to be just a road from somewhere to somewhere else.

There are memories of climbing trees - and falling from one and breaking my left arm. My sister - a companion on many such outdoor exploits - for some reason knew what to do, and made a sling from my shirt. Memories of - inadvertently I must add in my defence - smashing the glass counter of an Asian owned shop in the nearest village, whose owner demanded my father pay for the damage, which, of course, he did. I just had, you see, to try and juggle with some of the brass weights the shopkeeper used for his balancing scales. There is a memory of walking through some trees not far from my favourite stream and instinctively, with the panga I often carried while outdoors, chopping the head off a Cobra which, startled, reared up in front of me.

My interests were the interests I found by being outdoors. There was a colony of safari ants, for instance, that I chanced upon one day while out wandering, and I would spend hours watching them as their wide columns moved and marched across the reddish ground. Then there were the Chameleons I once, for some reason, long forgotten, wanted to find, and did, bringing one home to keep as a pet, which I did until I lost interest.

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Far East

Africa faded into the Far East - as the decade of the fifties faded to a few years past a new one - and to life in what was then a rural area, not far from a lovely sandy beach by the South China Sea, and a service-taxi ride from the still then rather ramshackle and quixotic city of Singapore with its riverside cluttered with row upon row of Junks, and many of its streets festooned with stalls.

Singapore

For some reason I soon had to go to school, every day, and by Gharry. At first, I loathed it - bumph to read, sitting at some desk, sometimes in the air-conditioned main building, and sometimes in the much better open-air Attaps in the grounds. Then - and quite why I do not now recall - I began to enjoy it. Perhaps it was the running track, where I loved to run, barefoot in the tropical heat; perhaps it was the young, gorgeous, blonde, English teacher who would often sit on one of the desks at the front, her legs crossed, and read to us some story, some poem, or some part of some classic novel. Whatever it was, I began to look forward to that school where by the end of the term, I was "second in the class", and top in several subjects, including (if my ageing memory is correct) English and Maths. I developed an almost insatiable appetite for knowledge, and began to read voraciously - especially about Physics, Astronomy, and History. It was as if I had suddenly, quite unexpectedly, acquired a new way of seeing the world around me; as if some unseen force, some wyrd, some *δαίμων*, had shaken me and awoken within me certain dormant faculties. Or perhaps it was just the lovely tropical weather, the quixotic surroundings.

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Singapore

Whatever, through and with these faculties, with the knowledge I imbibed from books, a feeling, an insight, came to dwell within me. This was of our potential, as human beings; of how we might - and indeed should - change ourselves in a conscious way through overcoming challenges, as I had grown in strength and insight through running, training, through swimming often almost a mile out to sea, and through devouring knowledge. This insight became a vision of, as I have written elsewhere, "us freeing ourselves from the chains of this world and venturing forth to explore and colonize the stars. For I felt that it was this new freedom, brought by venturing forth to the stars, which would give us the great challenges needed to evolve still further, and naturally, into another type of being. And it was the pursuit of this ideal which I believed would create noble individuals and a noble, civilized, society...." [3]

By this time, both my sisters had left home, to be properly educated in England, something which I had wilfully, almost demonically, resisted. One became - for some years - a Nun; the elder, a nurse at a teaching hospital in London, at a time when competition for such places at such a place was fierce, and required, I seem to recall, two 'A' levels.

As for me, I was enjoying my new life. Some years previously, I had taught myself to play chess, and now I began to play it at every opportunity, including at a local chess club (almost exclusively European, again if my ageing memory is correct) where I was the only boy. Some visiting Chess grandmaster was giving a simultaneous display - at the Singapore Polytechnic - and so off I went, one among perhaps thirty or so competitors, and one of only a few to manage to draw against him. And it was there, while wandering around, that I first saw a display of Martial Arts. It was almost balletic; full of seemingly effortless grace, and I felt at once that I wanted to be able to do that, to move so gracefully with the ability to generate, direct and control a certain physical power. So, youthful, vibrant, and arrogantly naive, I approached them. At first they - those Chinese men - seemed surprised, if not

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somewhat amused, that a young European boy (wearing white socks, khaki shorts, white shirt, and sandals) would be interested. But I persisted, and was invited to meet them a week later, at the place where they practised.

I remember that journey well. The service taxi dropped me near the Capitol cinema in Singapore city and, with a mixture of excitement and nervousness, I walked past that restaurant - much frequented by my father and I - that served rather good steak, chips, and fried tomatoes, for what seemed a long way. The young men were surprised to see me, although an elderly gentleman was not, and thus began my training. To be honest, I never became very good, and certainly no match for most of those there, and subsequently. But I doggedly persisted - so much so that, after many weeks, I was invited to join them on their usual post-session foray among the eating stalls by the river, and did not arrive back home until well past midnight, much to the relief of my mother who was on the verge of calling the Police.

Thus began my interest in and study of what, at the time, we colonial Europeans often called Oriental Philosophy, and thus was I invited to the rather splendid home - complete with garden - of one of the Masters of that particular Martial Art. From this developed an interest, both practical and theoretical, in the Occult in general, including Hindu, Chinese, and Buddhist esoteric arts and practices, and Singapore was certainly a good place to learn about such things, given its diversity of culture, and replete as it was with Buddhist, Hindu, Taoist, temples and places of gathering. A good place, also, to be initiated, as a boy, into the delights of women; or, more correctly, learning of and from the delights of young delightful foreign ladies.

Young Lady, Singapore, 1960's

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A Comely Coven

Fade, to England on a dull, cloudy, cold day. An aeroplane; a long journey, broken by some days in Ceylon. The descent down through the clouds on the way to landing was quite bleak, for me. Everything looked so enervating, and for several weeks after arriving in England my only desire was to return to the Far East, or Africa. My father felt the same, and began to seek alternative employment in Africa, while I, to alleviate my boredom and inner bleakness, took to cycling the fenland country around and beyond the small village where we were, temporarily, staying. There was talk of school, but I artfully resisted, manufacturing a variety of excuses while I waited for my father to succeed. He did, someplace further south in Africa than where we had lived, and near the Zambezi river, which rather interested me, although my initial joy on learning this was tempered by the reality of us - my mother and I - having to wait six months before we could join him, given the relative isolation of the place, his need to find us accommodation, and other sundry practical matters. The desire I had nurtured, for some time, to study assiduously, and go to an English University to read Physics, slowly dwindled; the dull cold bleakness of the English weather as water thrown upon that fire.

So I left home, at age fifteen, to lodge with a widowed lady in the nearby town, and spend what I assumed would be only six months at a school morosely and not at all seriously studying for 'O' levels. School work was easy, and at times boring, and I spent most weekends cycling mostly southwards, coming to enjoy the physical exertion, the landscape itself, and almost always taking a selection of books with me, carried in my saddlebag.

But there was something else, engendered by these journeys. A sense, a feeling - a wordless intuition - of not being apart from that particular fenland landscape, with its vast panorama of sky, its fertile soil, its often wide drainage ditches that, though hewed by humans, centuries of natural change had melded into being a part of Nature, there. It was as if this land - of small hamlets, small villages, scattered farms, with its panorama of horizons - was alive in an almost unique way.

I took to staying out on clear and moonlit nights. To cycling lanes by light of moon. There was a strange, eerie, beauty there, at these times - almost as if I, myself, was not quite real; that there lay a hidden world, an older, world, a far slower, world, where one might hear the whisperings of trees or hear the distant call of someone calling; someone long dead but not quite gone from the land, here; someone who did not belong in the other, modern, world that now edged this older fenland country.

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Fenland

There is no rational explanation for how or even why I met her. Perhaps - as I thought thereafter - it was she who met me, and meant to. Who somehow - as the Rounwytha I later came to surmise she was - enchanted me to be there on that day at that hour in that year of my youth. As if she, also, was from, or part of, this other esoteric living land.

There were mysteries there that I did not then consciously fathom, but rather lived with and through, and which even now - over forty years later - I have only just begun to rationally understand. Mysteries of an ancient way never written down, and which no words, no book, no ritual, could bind, contain, restrain, reveal. Mysteries of the connexion that links all of we few, our kind, together; known and unknown by such names as mother, fathers, give, gave, us, and which we might even, later on, assign to ourselves.

All I knew then was the occupant of that solitary small house along a narrow isolated lane near where the waters, then, still rose some years to flood the land around and where a boat was kept with life lived still if needed on upper floors. All I felt then, in the moment of that meeting and the hour beyond, was such an intense desire to stay as almost subsumed me. To stay - as one would stay stunned momentarily by the gorgeosity of some sunset, or by some vista suddenly chanced upon. No words sufficed, were needed, but we then idly talked nonetheless - I, leaning on my bicycle; she standing beside the broken fence that seemed to mark the inner sanctum of her sacred world.

It was not that I expected, then - or even hoped for - some kind of sexual tryst. But there she was, somewhat older than me, standing, smiling, as I had slowly passed. It was not that I was lost and needed directions; a recent map was always carried in my bag. Not that I needed water. I had my flask of Oolong tea. Not that I... But I stopped, nevertheless, dismounted, to slowly saunter back.

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I have no clear recollection of what we said, for it is all now as a fading dream, remembered in the hour past rising from fitful unrestful sleep. No clear recollection of the two weeks that passed until I, unable to resist, ventured there again. There were others with her on that morning, two all-told, and it was not as if I or they had come to indulge ourselves in any way, or that there was any teaching as teaching is now known among most mortals through mediums such as books and spoken words. Not that there was any surprise in me when, each time her friends who were more than friends departed, they held her close and kissed each other on the lips.

Mostly - as on that day - we together just sat close to each other in the inner dimness of that well-worn dwelling. Sometimes a fire was lit; almost always there was tea, Port, Rum, or wine. Sometimes we all would walk together upon the land around. And we spoke, when needed not desired. For it was a certain sensitivity that we all seemed to share - a certain strangeness, a mostly wordless strangeness that I had previously not encountered upon this much mundane-spoiled Earth; except, perhaps, in moments swiftly gone, as when one day the young, gorgeous, blonde, English teacher I still remember so well was reading to our class a poem and our eyes met, and it was if she somehow in some strange way then imparted in me not only her understanding of those words but also the feelings they engendered in her so that I, also, understood and felt the meaning behind such words. As if in that one short strange moment she had brought alive that work of Art so that it connected us, bridged us. So much so that for days afterwards I carried a copy of that poem around with me, and read it when I could to push open again that door that led to some distant different land. But, then, of course, the feeling faded, and some new interest, some new source of inspiration, came along; as - for me - that poem became surpassed, by others.

There was a walk, next time, when we four met again. Some talk about land, sky, Sun, Moon, rain, trees, insects, birds, and soil, and although I did not realize it then, I was learning; a learning, a species of learning, I once, many years later, strived to contain, constrain, reveal, with my own poor collocation of words:

Being the water: the Dragonfly above the water
I grieve of the road and the bridge of the road
Weeping in the wind
Because I am the Sun.
Being the river: all the river things
I feel the wounds
Inflicted deeply in my flesh

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Because I am the dust.

Being the river-banks: the land around the banks
I am no-Time
Burning to cauterize my wounds
Because I am the world and all things of the world;
Being the wind: the words of the wind
I sorrow in my-Time
Knowing people who pass
Because they are my wounds.

Being my sorrow: the sorrow of wounded land
I sense the knowing turning beyond the pain
Because I am the water
Flowing with no end

There were other shared times, some with we two alone, some when we simply listened to music; or rather, when they played music, or sang, for me. Rural music, belonging mostly to that area, or the English land around. And then came that night when we two, alone, finally became lovers. Other such nights came; went, as the Moon, as she, cycled through several monthly phases.

It could have lasted; perhaps it should have lasted, for that is what she possibly, probably, wanted: for me to stay. But I was young, restless, impetuous, and in truth perhaps too selfish; too enwrapped in my own inner visions and wyrdful dreams, desires; certainly, I was often arrogant, feeling I had some personal Destiny to fulfill.

Thus arrived that day when I had to leave, to never wilfully return - she stood there, by her dwelling, as I bicycled away, and although I did not know it then, she, they, were only the first spinning of that muliebral thread that was to bind my lives, together.

Toward The Dark Arts

A rather generous allowance from my father enabled books to be purchased, and travel, by means of train, to anywhere that interested me, and so one day I travelled to London to visit bookshops, including one near the British Museum specializing in the Occult. After the Far East, and my practical experiences and study there, after that covenful mysterious delight, the Occult books seemed somehow lifeless; often turgid and almost always dull. There was

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nothing redolent of danger; no Mysterium; nothing to cause one to be enthused by some vision of the future; nothing to inspire and impart élan. Nothing that spake of dark forbidding secrets. But I purchased a few, nevertheless, willing for my initial intuition to be corrected by thoughtful reading, which I soon discovered it was not.

But that journey was fruitful in other ways. Arrogant and self- assured as I was - somewhat helped by my Martial Arts training - I spent some evening hours in less salubrious parts of London, desirous of finding some young lady to entertain me. I did, and after a short taxi ride (which I of course paid for) we arrived at the entrance to a large town house in Chalk Farm. We had reached the top of that first tier of inside stairs when some loud commotion broke out below. A man, shouting; a women's loud voice. From the stairs I saw a man push open the front door that a woman was, vainly, trying to close. He turned, shouted a few obscenities, and drew back his clenched fist, as if to strike the woman. He did not succeed. I cannot remember what I said, only that I said something to him after vaulting down that flight of stairs toward him. He replied with a vulgar epithet or two, and lunged at me. I simply turned, stepped sideways and used his own momentum to throw him to the ground by which time a huge man had arrived from some inside room to lift him, with remarkable ease, to his feet and almost bodily carry him out where he pushed him down the steps that led up from the pavement to that front door. The man lay motionless, briefly, there, then rose, slowly, to betake himself shabbily away, uttering curses as he did so.

I was thanked, by the lady he had intended to attack, and invited to join her for a glass of Sherry in her downstairs rooms.

Thus began our friendship. Or, more correctly, relationship. In her late thirties, with an enchanting if rather mischievous smile, she never once in the hours we spent together talking, that evening, mentioned the nature of her business, as I had no need to ask. It was all rather genteel, as she herself was, even though a trace of her local accent remained, and I found her quite enchanting, as, of course, she knew, drawing forth from me in those hours the then so brief story of my still so youthful life, and it seemed natural, our provided supper over, for me to stay the night with her. My stay became the following day, and then the day after that. There was a restaurant, of sorts, nearby, where she was known by name, and we spent a few hours there, eating a meal, and drinking wine, that neither of us paid for. I was introduced to her ladies, and to that huge man of the shaven head, who though rather grim looking had a gentle sense of humour. People - men and mostly well-dressed - came and went throughout most of the day and evening, and when my own self-appointed time came to leave, I did so with much reluctance

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and with a promise to return at the ending of that week.

I kept my promise, and it was during the course of that weekend - in that restaurant, again - that she introduced the topic of the Occult. I had but briefly mentioned it, in that telling of the brief story of my still so youthful life, and it transpired as such transpirations go that she knew someone who knew someone with a similar interest in the arcane. Thus, a meeting, in London, was arranged.

Eagerly anticipated, it was a disappointment. There was a converted cellar, in some house south of the river, and a rather motley group of mostly men. Books, aplenty, in a room upstairs. Much talk of magick, of The Golden Yawn, and even of a certain Mister Crowley. Still, I managed to feign some enthusiasm. Having been correctly introduced, by a mutual friend, I was even allowed to witness a Ritual. Well, a ritual, of sorts, with everyone save I wearing robes. It was all so yawnfully boring, that I was glad when it was, finally, completed. But I was offered the loan of some books, which I accepted, and a chance to witness another ritual, soon. Initiation was never directly mentioned, but vaguely hinted at, and while I did attend some more of their gatherings, I had already decided during that first meeting their way was not and never would be mine.

I favoured - desired - a darker path, darker arts. I desired to feel again and again that moment of sheer ecstasy when I had deftly pushed that man to the floor. Desired to imbued with that - alas then so brief - glory that I had often felt when running, sprinting, cycling as fast as I could go. That sheer intoxication of life that I had sometimes felt with women when our naked bodies became a means to ecstasy, physical and beyond.

It seemed to me, then in those youthful days, that this is what sorcery, and especially ritual, should do: enable one to reach again such heights of Life, and thus open a gate, a door - what I would later call a nexion - to that other world, those others places, where I yearned, desired to be again, and which I had touched in both youthful visions and dreams. That other world of The Mysterium, from whence came all Occult forces, all Occult energies - the energy, for example, to as many did during the Hindu festival of Thaipusam painlessly pierce their bodies with hooks and knives; the energy that I sensed that Taoist Martial Arts master possessed as he moved effortlessly, agelessly, and which enabled him to defeat five, six, seven opponents at a time.

So, I returned, that first Occult session over, to my discreet lady friend in Chalk Farm, to find again with her - through her - as I had hoped that delightful ecstasy when body and mind seemed in perfect balance and there

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were no dreams, no visions, that one could not make real; no problems that desire could not overthrow and overcome.

Ecce Ego Contra...

Political Initiation

One day - a Saturday - I was walking back from one of those boring Occult yap-yap daylight sessions, heading for the house of my lady friend. In those days, I quite enjoyed such walks, in still unfamiliar cities and towns. A chance to stroll past places; watch people pass by; become immersed in my surroundings. I had a good sense of direction, and seldom needed to consult the London map that I carried in the pocket of my Corduroy jacket. Indeed, it was often interesting to get a little lost - to find new sights, places.

In those days I still dressed somewhat conventionally, conservatively: Corduroy or Tweed jacket, flannel or woollen trousers; sturdy brown walking shoes; even linen shirts with detachable collars held in place by studs inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Short hair, of course.

Thus attired I chanced, on that day, upon some fracas in some street. Young men brawling. I had no idea at all what it was all about - but it seemed to me somewhat unfair, since one young lad was getting battered by several others. Without thinking, I waded in to help him. There was that exhilaration, again. That love of direct physical violence I had felt before. A few more young lads joined the melee, and then it was over, and so we went, quite naturally, to some nearby Public House to celebrate our victory. Their accepting camaraderie was wonderfully refreshing, and many hours were spent, drinking - and talking politics.

Not that I was then ignorant of their type of politics. Indeed, I had spent many of the previous months eagerly reading about nationalism, about National-Socialist Germany, and especially about Adolf Hitler, inspired by an account of the actions of Otto Ernst Remer, on that day in July 1944 (CE) during The First Zionist War. Such loyalty; such a sense of duty; such honour; such forthright warrior action.

To me, in the moment of my reading, then as after, Remer seemed the perfect

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embodiment of the warrior; of the type of person who might build the new society I had often theorized about - precursor as that society would be for our exploration and colonization of the stars. Now, it seemed to me, I had met a similar type of people. Or at least, those who could, given training, direction, guidance, purpose, be such people. Young; enthusiastic; who seemed to share something - if only instinctively - of my dream and who, like me, seemed to enjoy and welcome violence. They had a meeting, arranged for the following weekend, and I was invited and gladly accepted. I went to the meeting - and the "social" afterwards - and it was there I met someone who knew Colin Jordan, whom I had already heard of. Thus, it seemed logical, indeed necessary, that I contact CJ myself, which I did, by posted letter.

It was, perhaps, a propitious time. A new political movement had been formed, by CJ, and I began to seriously consider how the new society I had envisioned might be created. Obviously, by politically motivated violence. It also seemed to me then - and for a long while afterwards - that Hitler's National-Socialist Germany was, and should be, the archetype for such a new society: that NS Germany embodied most, though not all, the ideals I then saw as necessary to the creation of such a new, warrior, society imbued with a Galactic ethos.

For nearly a year I came to inhabit two quite separate worlds. My lady friend, in London, and the world of occasionally violent but always interesting political activism. Or, more accurately, I stretched across three worlds, for I had seriously begun to seek out those seriously interested, as I, in the darkest, blackest, most esoteric Arts of all.

Thus, I was fully occupied; enthused; alive; replete with my various ways of living, so that when the date for my return to Africa drew ever nearer, there really was no need to make a decision, for my lives seemed then inextricably linked with England. It was me against: everyone; you; the world.

A Darker Seeking

My Occult research and search were getting me no closer to my third-fold esoteric goals. First, to find a rational way, some means, to use, develope, our latent faculties. Second, to access and utilize - for personal change, and otherwise - such esoteric energies as I felt, I knew, existed. Third, to find someone, perchance some group, who might know these things; who might - as I - desire to live life in a different, more vivifying way; who, perhaps most of all, understood the potential we human beings possessed. Who, as I, found the mundane world around enervating; who desired to defy, to challenge, to develope, to overcome. Who, as I, saw laws as a means of control; as a manifestation of that mundaneness, that lack of *ἀρετὴ*, that I detested.

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For a while it seemed to me then that Satanism might perhaps be the answer, saught. But the few people I met who deigned to so describe themselves were risible; charlatans, at best, and, at worst, deluded weak mundanes who just enjoyed dressing up, performing stupid mostly sex-laden pseudo-rituals for their own mundane gratification. Which types encapsulated the risible pseudo-satanism of LaVey that was becoming known among the then Occult underground.

During this seeking, 'O' levels at school came and went, and I drifted into the Sixth Form. It was tempting to leave, and move to live and work in London, based with my lady friend, but the promise of Physics still enthralled me, a little, particularly as at that time the Apollo program looked it would easily achieve the goal that had been set - soon, perchance, there would bases on the Moon, and then on Mars. So I plugged away at Physics, feeling it might be different at University when I would be free to undertake my own study, experiments, research.

Increasingly, however, my lives became a distraction from schoolwork, but I seemed to have some innate talent for mathematics and physics and so - studying very little (some weeks, not at all) - I plodded on, trusting in this talent to get me through. Thus my darker seeking continued, until there came a time when I concluded that I might just as well go my own way, for I had found no one whom I respected; no source or sources of useful, rational, practical, genuine, esoteric knowledge; no one who shared my sinister, defying, violence-loving, ethos.

Hence, I would have to set myself challenges; would have to test myself; would have to seek, in time, to develope my own way and find my own means of accessing and utilizing - for personal change, and otherwise - esoteric energies.

Challenges and Crime

One day, as the decade of the sixties was well over a year away from its end, an incident occurred in London that impelled me then toward a life of crime. I had decided - since the weather was fine - to walk from Liverpool Street railway station to visit my lady friend. If I did not dawdle, and took the quickest route, it would take around an hour and a half. However, as sometimes, I took the dawdling route and so stopped off briefly at Regent's Park.

Refreshed, relaxed, I sauntered on to pass a youngish man arguing with a taxi

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driver, and although I could not hear what was being said, I felt an instinctive antipathy to that man, especially when he returned to his own motor vehicle and drove recklessly off, blaring his horn.

Here was what I was later to call Homo Hubris, personified. But, often self-critical - as an Occultist should be - I wondered how I might verify my intuition, my instinct, and it occurred to me, in that my London-moment, that it should be possible to test the subject, the mark, in a quite practical way, to elicit his true character. This prospect appealed to me more and more as I, walking, pondered upon it, and I had almost reached my destination when it additionally occurred to me, as insights do, that the property, the wealth, of someone so proven unworthy and mundane was therefore forfeit; that to relieve such a person of it, or some or parts of it, would be an interesting and quite honourable challenge.

With the knowledge, and indeed the connivance, of my lady friend - for she knew someone who knew of someone who might be interested in such a challenge - I soon found an able and willing assistant, and so began a most interesting, rewarding, six months and more...

A Certain Lady, London, late 1960's

Suffice to say the tests [5] we, my new lady companion and I, employed - and which, to be honest, I often made up "on the spur of the moment" - were effective and fun, and we developed a pattern of working together on those occasions when discreet entry into the premises of the marks were required, which sometimes meant an upper window. Thus, I would make my entrance,

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as stealthily as possible, while she waited in her vehicle at an appropriate distance, or - as on some occasions - had distracted the mark by having dinner with him (at his expense of course) at some fine restaurant of our choosing. Then, her excuses for her departure made, we would rendezvous at her dwelling or some hotel room and divvy up the proceeds (if cash) or for me to show her what we could fence.

It was exhilarating, enjoyable, profitable. In addition, I had acquired, and developed, new skills; overcome many practical challenges. Life was intense, and there was the knowledge that one was different, certainly superior to the marks, to all mundanes, and even to The Plods. Planning was the foundation of my, of our, success; reviewing what might go wrong, and preparing for it - or being prepared for it - and always having some or many options if some assumed circumstance changed. Thus, it was a fluxion of physical, intellectual, prowess combined with a certain type of social interaction: there was my partner, in this venture; my discreet lady friend and her, and then my, reliable and trusted, contacts. It was rather like an extended family, for there was a sense of belonging, with boundaries clearly defined: us, and them. Us being our kind, and them being those who were not like us, whom we tended not to mix with, and whom we were wary of and did not trust. It was Us against The Others, and especially Us against the Coppers, and it was during this time that my lady friend gave me a present that I was to treasure for a great many years, a Bersa .22 pistol in a leather holster, which I thereafter almost always carried on me, and which was, with its compactness, its precision, its reliability, a most excellent weapon to carry for self-defence and which could be used to injure and disable, but also kill at close quarters if targeted correctly.

On a few occasions, my partner in crime and I ventured forth to other cities, as on a few other occasions we did some job involving commercial premises. But, after nearly nine months, I began to get rather complacent, probably because of our success and most certainly because of my arrogance. Once, in the hours past midnight while exiting from a job in Brighton, I emerged from a narrow lane, as a Police car was passing, while carrying on my back those then popular small canvas duffel-type bags with a draw-top drawn together by two cords and which cords one could place around or over one's shoulder. Thus, this handy bag could by slung over one shoulder, or with the cords separated, be held against the small of the back (great when climbing), rather like the small rucksacks of later decades. This bag held the few tools I required, and of course the items liberated from some mark.

On that occasion, the Police - as the vernacular expression goes - "clocked me" as I emerged from that lane, my bag slung over my shoulder, and I had gone less than a hundred yards when I was pulled over. I smiled at them, said

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"Hello!" but kept my right hand poised near the pistol nestling in its holster on my belt. But I managed to talk my way out of that difficult situation - for I was just a student, come to Brighton for the day to be beside the sea, had missed the last train back to London, and got a little lost wandering around. Satisfied with my story - and possibly because of my politeness, my well-educated accent, my self-assured demeanour - they left, and I sauntered on, to wander down some streets ensuring I was not being followed, before doubling-back to where my assistant waited in her car.

This incident did not alarm me - on the contrary, it was, in retrospect, the most exciting thing to have occurred to me for months - but it did cause me to seriously reflect upon my long-term goals. There had been a moment when I had been prepared and ready to kill to ensure my safety and escape. There was, then, in that moment, no doubt, no worry, not even any fear or dread. Just a rather detached, unemotional, involvement in the situation - I knew what I had to do, for it was either me, or them. Either my freedom or their success, their control over me. I had on me a means to escape, and I valued my freedom, my success, more than I valued their lives. Or, more honestly, I did not value their lives at all, and this lack of concern for them did not trouble me in the slightest, then or thereafter.

By the time we had arrived back in London I had begun to feel that I possibly should make a choice. I could - as my feelings, my desires, urged me - make this my life, my way; or I could continue to pursue my other aims and goals: go to University, perhaps, but certainly strive to make real, in some practical way, my vision of evolving humans, of a Galactic Empire. Most definitely I enjoyed my life in London; in truth, I loved it. Any yet, and yet... There was something enticing, something intangibly alluring, about that other, esoteric, direction I could, just could, possibly take. This esoteric way then seemed like some veiled enchantress in a dream: alluring, perfumed, fecund, ripe with gifts, and beckoning me toward her.

For the rest of that weekend, in London - and for the following week, back in my other rôle as a student - I carried on as normal, striving not to dwell on the matter. I failed. One day I knew, just knew, I had to carry on as I had - and so go to live with my lady friend in London; while the next day I knew I should seek to make my vision real. Toward the end of the week I seemed to change my mind every few hours, and it was then that I began to ask: Who was I? And, perhaps, more importantly, who - what - could I be? There was never, then, so far as I can recall, any sudden, decisive, "That is it!" moment, no sudden revelatory answer, but rather a slowly increasing clarity, as mist clearing over rural fields on a fine early Summer morning to reveal the landscape so previously mistily-hidden.

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So, the following weekend I was back in London, talking about the matter with my lady friend. We had a simple, an uncomplicated, relationship, which was always honest, and I am not ashamed to say that in a way I loved her. She had hopes for me, I know, both personal and otherwise, and - looking back, now - she almost certainly understood me far better than I then understood myself. We had a most lovely weekend. Some hours spent listening to Jazz at some small club (she was a Jazz aficionado and very knowledgeable about that genre); dinner in an excellent restaurant; enjoyed many hours of shared physical delights in her bedroom; to then the next day spend an hour, and more, lazily strolling through what she insisted on calling The Regent's Park.

We parted late on Sunday as we often did - in the privacy of her rooms; kissing, embracing - before I left to wander off to the not-that-far Underground station and thence to a train to take me north-easterly and back to a rather dullish student life, and although I was to visit, and stay, with her for very many years thereafter, our still intimate relationship was never to be quite the same again, and it would only occur to me many, many, years later that I may, that weekend, have broken her heart. For even though I, then, had not yet finally made a decision, I do believe that during that weekend she knew, or felt, in which direction I would go.

Facies Abyssi

University, and The Temple of The Sun

Fast forward to a University in the north of England, and a still young student, who had grown well-trimmed moustaches and who, unlike the majority of other students, was always rather conservatively attired. My first term as an undergraduate had been a great disappointment following a Summer vacation of anticipation, and awaiting examination results.

No, wait - let us rewind, briefly, to that Summer vacation, after 'A' level exams were over. I had, perhaps rather foolishly, spent the weekends - and often the free days - of these examination weeks embroiled elsewhere. Attending political rallies, meetings, staying with political associates; and - more enjoyable - staying with my lady friend in London, and, on one occasion, with my former female accomplice in crime.

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Possibly not so foolishly, since - in retrospection - I was perhaps letting the Fates decide my fate. I had studied very little in the preceding six months, trusting to my talent, and busy elsewhere doing what, at the time, were far more exciting and interesting things. So, if I failed my examinations, I could not possibly go on to University, and the decision regarding my direction would be made. However, as the Fates decreed, I got - just - the needed requirements.

Thus I spent a lot of that Summer working, in a mundane job. My allowance from my father never did, in those days, seem to meet all my needs, and I had kind of given up, then, on burglary. Or rather, that particular aspect of my life just slowly petered out, in a natural way, since both my partner and I become occupied elsewhere. She, with a serious relationship, and I with more and more political activism, both British Movement, and National Front, where I would often find myself, for some strange reason, getting involved in fights. So - unwilling to accept the monetary gifts offered by my lady friend (which unwillingness, I think, she perhaps admired) - I had to find some temporary source of funds.

On the last day of Term, and slightly inebriated after a lunch-time session down the nearby Pub with friends, I had met one of only two girls (EH and JJ) in my Sixth Form. EH and I had flirted before, and I liked her, as I knew she liked me, but I had kept a deliberate distance, given my assignations in London, for to have yet another intimate relationship would have been for me, at that time, just far too complicated. But on that day - a warm sunny one, I seem to recall - as we passed each other outside the refectory I embraced her. She eagerly returned the embrace, and we kissed for a long time, much to the amusement of some other students, passing by, who knew us both.

Thereafter I did not see her again for a while, reverting back to keeping my distance, until I heard from a mutual friend that she was having some trouble with her landlord (like me, she had rented rooms for the Summer in our local town). Perhaps I misheard, or misunderstood the situation - but I thought I was informed that she had been threatened. Without hesitation I went back to my rooms to procure a weapon (one always keeps a selection handy). In this case, a pickaxe handle, and - suitably attired in the working type clothes I wore to work: jeans, brown leather jacket, heavy boots - I made my way through the streets to where he lived. My insistent knocking on his front door brought him out, and although I cannot remember what I said, I know he understood. I threatened him. I was just so angry; madly unthinkingly angry, full of rage, and prepared for a bloody fight. In that moment nothing existed except him and that, my rage. He was a tall and stocky man - bigger than me - but perhaps his own nature, or maybe something in my demeanour, my eyes,

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made him meekly agree to my demands. And so I left, still full of rage, and it was only as I was nearing my own rooms, somewhat calmer, that it occurred to me I was carrying what the Police would call an "offensive weapon".

Some days later, I was to learn that her landlord problems had been solved, and that she desired to see me, but I never did meet with her again.

So, fast forward again to University - that revealing of a part of my youthful character over - and back to that first Term, there. As I mentioned, I was so disappointed. I had gone somewhat naively believing I could study at my own pace, focus on topics that interested me, and do some practical experiments of my own devising. As it was, it was in many ways worse than school.

The lectures were tedious, rote-learning, affairs where one had to make copious notes and after which one was presented with a list of boring problems to be solved, each problem being of the type one might find in 'A' level examinations. Laboratory work as just as routine, even though one did have some choice as to what, of the listed experiments, one might undertake. Serious intellectual discussion, among the students, was at a premium - when it arose, which was rarely - and even the lecturers did not seem that scientifically curious. They had students to teach; or rather, certain parts of certain subjects to get through, every week.

Two incidents combined to make me seriously consider leaving. The first incident involved two questions I asked of one of the more senior lecturers, the first of which he could not answer, and did not find interesting and so glossed over, and the second of which he gave an answer which seemed to me to just parrot what he had read somewhere. Certainly he had not personally thought about the matter and was just content to accept the "accepted view". The first question was: "Is the electromagnetic spectrum infinite?" to which the answer was, "Hmm, never thought of that; but I imagine so." End of discussion. The second question was: "Why are all Space-Time metrics based on linear Time?" to which the answer was: "Because of the tensorial equations; the manifold..." - or something like that [6] - and after which followed a somewhat patronising monologue about co-ordinates which I, with my usual youthful temerity, interrupted with a question about the nature of Time which was brushed aside with more patronising words and then some statement about somewhere else he had to be.

The second incident involved a laboratory experiment. Toward the end of the first Term we were given the opportunity to devise and carry out our own experiments. I chose to replicate the Michelson-Morley experiment, having a

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particular interest in the theories that gave rise to this attempt to detect "the aether".

I was informed that such an experiment was really more suited to a Graduate, or Third-Year, student, but, of course, I ignored all the excuses and the advice that I was given as to why I should not try. Finally, I got my way, and was allotted a large part of one of the laboratory darkrooms. Suffice to say that it took me a while to set the experiment up, and even longer to tweak the equipment to get it ready: many weeks, in fact, despite spending many afternoons in the laboratory. I festooned my area with signs telling everyone not to touch the equipment. Then, I began to get some results. A few days later I returned, eager and excited, only to find that some lecturer had pushed all my equipment into one corner in order to set up some experiment for his students, thus destroying my weeks of delicate work. Not only that, I had "run out of time"; the darkroom really was needed by other students.

Strangely, I was not angry, just filled with an abyssal disappointment. It was as if some far distant apparently quixotic landscape which I had been eagerly travelling toward, for a long and arduous while, had at last been reached only to be revealed as ordinary, dull, devoid of any real interest at all.

Thus, gradually, my interest in studying physics waned, until - by the end of the next term - it has almost completely disappeared, replaced by increasing political activities, and increased activity within the Occult. For I had at last, it seemed, found a dark satanic group to become involved with. However, even though I never did any studious work, from that, my abyssal laboratory-moment, onwards, I still somehow managed to come second in mathematics at the end of year exams.

Balewa

It was during that first Term at University - a University I had chosen because of its reputation in a particular sphere of experimental Physics - that I made contact with a nearby group who claimed to be Satanists.

Although during my time at University I was outwardly known for my political views, and my activism, I had, early on, made my interest in the Occult known to a few selected, and trusted, friends and colleagues. As often in those days, decades ago when most Occult activity was still underground, it was by means of personal contact that one discovered, or came to learn about, various Occult groups. Someone would know someone who might know something… Or someone had heard rumours of some Occult goings-on in such-and-such a place, usually rural… And so on.

Naturally, in the majority of instances, such leads or contacts proved unfruitful, as did the first few that I - now very determined in such esoteric matters - pursued in that local area. The third proved successful, even if at first it seemed, like many others, in London and elsewhere, to be unpromising in respect of someone, or some many, knowledgeable in those Dark Arts I was seeking.

So, off I tramped to some suburb of that University city, one cold dark November evening. The detached house was typical of a certain type of English domestic architecture in the decade before the First Zionist War - large bay windows; large rooms; individual architectural flourishes on its façade to distinguish it from its similar neighbours. Outside, a small but neat and well-kept suburban garden. Inside - a middle-aged English couple, attired as one might expect a Civil Servant, of those days, and his wife, to be attired.

My Tweed overcoat taken from me by the attractive woman, and somewhat stiff introductions over, I remember being most pleased to be offered a selection of alcoholic beverages which included decanted Port. I chose the Port, which was a most excellent vintage served in the correct glass, and my appreciation of both was warmly received, and it was not long before the conversation turned toward the Occult. They seemed in no particular hurry; in truth, they seemed pleased that a young man was in their house talking with them about such arcane matters. But it was when, inadvertently, I shifted in my chair and my jacket - if only briefly - give a glimpse of the pistol I was carrying, that, glances exchanged between them, they relaxed, and became quite friendly. Weeks later the woman told me that that one so brief inadvertent revealing intimated to them that I could well be the kind of person they were seeking,

Suffice to say that I learnt that they were Satanists, that their small group called itself The Temple of The Sun, that I was to be invited back, and that my Initiation could be undertaken, soon. That it would be with that attractive, mature, lady pleased me even more, as it seemed to please her. Thus began an enjoyable, and personally productive, time for me in that rather unattractive northern English city.

They undertook no rituals *per se* using formal written, ritual, texts, but instead preferred to perform extempore ceremonies, sometimes based on some ancient myth, where they - and a few invited fellow travellers - undertook what amounted to artistic dramas where Satan was personified in a somewhat Dionysian or Luciferian manner, and which invariably ended with the participants paring off in a rather Bacchanalian way. I always seemed, for some mysterious reason, to end up with that attractive, mature, lady while her

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husband was occupied elsewhere, sometimes with a younger man.

One ceremony I still remember quite well. It was a drama concerning a personified Mars and Venus, which ended with the intervention of Lucifer, with there being musical accompaniment from a female pianist on a Baby Grand. The whole performance was genuinely artistic, and while I found these mostly extempore ceremonies - and their aftermath, of course - enjoyable, I did, after a few months, suggest I could write some more formal Satanic rituals, based on and combining, their sparse aural traditions and such artistic ceremonies, a proposal they readily agreed to. Thus were born certain ceremonial rituals which I added to their small collection of very garbled handwritten texts, and which texts, so far I could then ascertain after many weeks of study, contained very little of real esoteric significance.

Meanwhile - as if in counter-balance to this satanic indulgence and artistic expression - my political involvements had intensified. I regularly attended political meetings, demonstrations, and activities, by various organizations, including BM and the NF, and at one such political foray I met Eddy Morrison and his friends. I immediately liked Morrison. He was enthusiastic, committed, optimistic, down-to-earth and quite *au fait* with National-Socialism. He also, at that time, possessed a certain personal charisma, and thus always had a few youthful followers who considered him their leader. One incident I remember well. He had invited me to join him and some of his friends on a day trip to Bridlington, an invitation which I accepted, and we ended up on the beach singing NS, old BUF, and anti-Jewish, songs, one of which began "Gas them all, gas them all, the long, the short and the tall…"

A marvellous day, and I was genuinely sad when they dropped me off at my then place of University residence and went back to their city of Leeds, and it was not long before I joined them, again, for some political event or other. Morrison introduced me to his family, with whom I had a meal, and then off we went into the centre of his home city to raucously harangue some Communist paper-sellers and generally make a nuisance of ourselves. Morrison was far more experienced in practical street politics than I, and the more time I spent with him, the more it dawned on me that perhaps the two of us could not only make a name for ourselves but might, just might, be able to if not create the foundations of some new political force, then at least use an existing nationalist organization as means of gaining influence and power and thus begin to implement NS ideals.

It was around this time - when I was spending more and more time in Leeds with Morrison and his friends - that I began to realize that politics was, or

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could be, a viable esoteric form: what I would later describe as a presencing of acausal energy.

Previously, while I had considered NS politics as a means of achieving some of my esoteric aims and goals, I had been rather vague and uncertain about what this, in practice, meant or might mean, especially for me personally. In truth, I had spent most of my time, up to then, in radical street politics because I enjoyed it, especially the fights and the demonstrations, and this love of violence had, in all honesty, somewhat distracted me.

It should be remembered that, at this time, the very early seventies, the NF regularly held large marches and rallies, all over England, with many of these marches involving violence, before, during, and after, and with many of these marches involving thousands of people. For instance, there was one march which I attended where those at the front, where I was, had to physically fight their way through packs of Reds, with similar skirmishes occurring toward the rear. These were exciting times, and there really was a feeling, among the rank-and-file, that the NF was growing in such a way that, in a decade or more, it might be able to win or seize power.

Even CJ's British Movement was thriving, though in a much smaller way, and it was during this time that I came to act, on a few occasions, as CJ's bodyguard. Usually because the person who should have done that duty for some reason was not there. One of these occasions was at an outdoor demonstration - in Wolverhampton I seem to recall - when CJ stood haranguing the sparse crowd from the back of a Land Rover, while I stood in front, trying to look as thuggish as possible. Another of these occasions was an indoor meeting, where I stood at the front of the hall when CJ spoke, again to a small crowd, from the raised stage behind me and on which occasion I brandished a Shillelagh, which weapon the two or three, somewhat bored, Police Officers in attendance were completely unconcerned about. The Good 'Ole Days.

Compared to all this, my life at University - even with its esoteric component and my trysts with a certain attractive, mature, lady - seemed, and indeed was, boring; dull. Thus it seemed natural, inevitable - especially given my friendship with Morrison - that I move to Leeds, and become involved with street-politics full-time. Which I dutifully did. As often in my life, it seemed as if the Fates revealed to me the direction in which I should go. Thus, and yet again, there was a certain period of drifting, by me, until a particular course of life seemed obvious, even to me.

My next year was a learning process. Learning about people; learning more about political propaganda; speaking in public; organizing and participating in street fights and demonstrations. That is, it was a learning of the Art of the

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revolutionary political agitator. I loved the life; I adored the life.

Lady Master - Mistress of Earth

While domiciled in Leeds, in a garret (on Meanwood Road) appropriate to a revolutionary, fanatical, political activist, I still found time to visit both my lady friend, in London, and The Temple of the Sun. The latter - while still enjoyable on the personal level - was not advancing my esoteric understanding or knowledge, even though I had set up my own Leeds Temple of the Sun lodge, consisting of six or so members, and so I began to trawl in other waters.

Manchester proved to be an ideal fishing ground. And it was there that I went to visit a group called The Orthodox Temple of The Prince, in an unprepossessing terraced house. My first impression of the organizer of that group was of a charlatan, but I played my allotted rôle - a somewhat naive young man, interested in Satanism, who had little previous knowledge of the Occult. The deceiver, deceived. This Mancunian charlatan even dressed in black and had a goatee beard, and the rituals of his group, their so-called satanic teachings, and the whole attitude of this charlatan, were quite risible, but it was fun, for a while at least, to play the game, and on one occasion I even took two friends of mine along for them to have some fun as well. Their rituals seemed cobbled together from Dennis Wheatley novels and other similar sources, with bits of Magian Grimoire material added, and were undertaken in the manner of excruciatingly bad amateurish actors reading from a script and who quite often forgot or mis-spoke their lines, and it was difficult, sometimes, not to laugh.

After a few weeks, at a temple gathering, I set about trying to recruit one or two of their more promising members, and it was at the meeting after this that an interesting event occurred. Quite often, various people would turn up at the house where the OTP held their rituals; some invited (often indirectly, via post or telephone), others brought by existing members; a few without invitation, and on that evening a certain lady, whom I had not previously seen was present. She did not stay long, but there was a quality - apart from her Chic - about her which both interested and intrigued me. Suffice to say that she was there simply to recruit me, and suffice to say she cunningly, skilfully, managed to avoid speaking to or having any contact with our host, the charlatan.

As recounted in a previous autobiographical scribbling, I - after being recruited - was subjected to certain tests, physical and psychological, before being initiated into the small, exclusive, group of the first genuine practitioners of The Dark Arts that I had ever met. One of these tests involved

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me in walking, in isolated rural terrain, a certain distance in a certain time to a specific destination, without the aid of a watch or compass, and unusually for me, given my rebellious and arrogant nature, I undertook that test, and the others. For I felt - knew - that I had at last found the people I had, for several years, been seeking, although of course the fact that success in the tests meant I would be sexually initiated by the beautiful, vibrant, daughter of that Lady Master, played some part in my decision and contributed to my lust to succeed.

Thus did I come to learn, in that so brief, far too brief, acquaintance with that Lady and her daughter, of their aural traditions - of The Dark Gods, of Esoteric Chant, of the septenary Tree of Wyrd, of The Ceremony of Recalling, and of that inner alchemy that formed one foundation of their still reclusive and always exclusive, elitist, way. And I was to spend the next three years, without their or any guidance, codifying, refining, developing and extending, these traditions, and experimenting on myself, and others, using their traditional, and hard, methods of training, as they knew I would. [7]

Meanwhile, I also had my other life (lives) to attend to, and my life, for several years, became a somewhat strange but intoxicating and alchemical mix of Occult codification, of Occult experimentation (myself, others), of ultra-violence (political and otherwise), of para-military activity and training, and of small-time racketeering. A life-time of experiences condensed into three ecstatic years.

Years of Ultra-Violence and Racketeering

Fade to the English city of Leeds, in the first few years of that decade - reckoned according to that vulgar calender still alas in common use - called the nineteen seventies.

I was released from my first term of imprisonment, having been convicted of leading a gang of skinheads in a Paki-bashing incident, following some racial skirmishes in Wakefield, and I soon settled back into my public life as a violent street-agitator and my secret life as a practitioner of The Dark Arts. I had found prison a useful and interesting experience, made some good contacts, learned some new skills, and left with more money than I had entered, having run a racket inside, selling certain liberated goods. I had settled into prison life very well, so much so that I hardly ever thought about my release date or even about life outside. In fact, the only real hardship was lack of female companionship, and so, in the first few weeks of freedom, a lot of time and energy was devoted to women. Having a Satanic group helped, as did visits to

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London.

In the weeks following this, I put some of my new skills to practical use, and began to put together the nucleus of a small gang whose aim was to liberate goods, sell them on, and make us some money. There were two groups within this gang, unknown to each other, who used different methods, and were linked only by me. The first, or outer, group were ultimately expendable; foot-soldiers, and all based in or around Leeds. The second, or inner, group I did not consider expendable, and were based in Manchester, Leeds, and another northern city which I had some prior association with. To the first group belonged, for example, someone who worked in a large Department store, and someone employed by British Railways who had access to large parcels and rail freight. Thus, these types of people had easy access to useful, saleable, goods. The railway employees would simply change the labels and documentation, so that goods were mis-delivered to a contact, and then sold on, while the store employees would arrange delivery of goods in a similar way, or one of our people would simply collect them in-store and boldly walk out with them. Most of those involved with this group were young lads also involved in the various political parties and movements which I was associated with.

To the second group belonged house-breakers and blaggers, who would target chosen domestic or commercial premises and liberate good quality items which were passed to a trusted local fence, and/or who would also undertake the odd armed robbery or two. Those involved with this group were all career criminals, most of whom had "done time", and many of whom - like me - had convictions for violence. Indeed, one of these chaps would, at a later stage, get involved in a violent fracas which I was also involved in, and ended up stabbing several people with the knife he always carried. I escaped; he did not, and he was unfortunately arrested, and eventually sent to prison, again, for many years. A shame, because I liked him, he was useful, totally loyal, and ruthless. Another of our chaps, in this inner group, had been known to occasionally lob petrol bombs at the houses of people he did not like, and was always tooled-up, when "on-duty". He especially liked the sawn-off, non-ejecter, shotgun I had kindly procured for him [8]. I liked him too, and his family (mother, brothers) and girlfriend, who all "knew the score", were totally reliable, and old-school: that is, who regarded the Police as their sworn enemies and grassing as a heinous crime deserving punishment.

Of these two groups, the inner one was the most profitable, and the most fun to run. For some reason I cannot quite now recall, Eddy Morrison became involved on the periphery of the first group - perhaps he may have wanted a certain item, or two, which I, being his friend, said I could supply, etcetera.

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For quite a while things ran smoothly, and then, one day in 1974 CE, four or five Police officers from the then Yorkshire Regional Crime Squad (later to become part of the National Crime Squad), some of whom were armed, raided my garret in Leeds, and arrested me. Three other people in the outer group - including Morrison - were also arrested, and we were questioned for around six hours at the British Transport Police HQ in Leeds. Morrison and I were thrown into prison, "on remand", since it was feared that I would "intimidate witnesses" and that he was "my second in command" (which, unlike the first accusation, was not correct).

Having previously spent some time in Armley jail, being on-remand there did not bother me at all, and I soon settled back into prison life. Morrison, however, did not cope very well, and seemed genuinely surprised that I was rather enjoying myself. But, as I said to one of the arresting Police officers, during one of my interrogations, "You get three meals a day, free accommodation, and there are lot's of friends around, so what's the big deal?"

It turned out that the Police had been "tipped-off" by one of those involved in the first group, because he had developed a personal grudge against me. The simple truth is that he had a violent argument with his girlfriend, she came to see me, and stayed for around two weeks. To add insult to his injury, when he finally managed to see her again to try and get her back, she made some rather unfavourable comments about his prowess in certain areas compared to me. So, he - by then a rather peeved little rodent - ratted on me. In addition, his pride hurt, he began telling lies about me to anyone who would listen, claiming, for instance, that once he pushed me up against a wall and I pleaded for him to let me go.

So, I arranged for someone from the inner group to sort this lying grass out, once and for all, and this comrade of mine was on his way there, armed, when he was pulled-over and arrested for B&E. Suffice to say that he was convicted of a variety of offences, and received a long prison sentence, and suffice to say that his target, the little rat, scampered away, no doubt peeing himself, in an effort to hide elsewhere, but soon I heard no more about him.

No one from the inner group was ever questioned or arrested in relation to this particular Regional Crime Squad enquiry, a tribute to the decision to keep the two groups separate, but most of all a tribute to the nature and good character of the people in that inner group.

When the criminal case against me finally came to trial, all the more serious charges had been dropped due to "lack of evidence", and I was simply charged with "receiving and handling stolen goods", for which I was convicted and

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given a bender. So, I continued with the inner group for many months, until I happened to get arrested, convicted, and got sent to prison (again) on an unrelated matter, to do with violence in the service of some political or personal cause or other.

In 1973 CE - just before I was recruited by Column 88 - Colin Jordan invited me to his then home in Coventry. Naturally, having great respect for CJ, I accepted and was to find, on my arrival, that a meeting of the inner Council of CJ's British Movement was taking place. After a short wait, I was invited to address them, which I did, answered a few questions about tactics and strategy, and then had to wait for a while in another room, which CJ used as his office. Invited back, I was informed that they had decided to co-opt me onto the Council, something I had not expected. Asking for time to consider the matter, I left to travel back to Leeds. For reasons I cannot now quite recall, a few days later I wrote to CJ declining the offer - probably because I was already then thinking of forming my own, more violent, political organization.

In addition to all these goings-on, I organized a small short-lived street-gang which had the rather silly name Clockwork Orange Cult. But, at the time, the name seemed appropriate, apposite, and we would often speak among ourselves using nadsat. The only intention behind this group was to have fun by indulging in ultra-violence. We started out by having a kind of uniform, deriving from the skinhead scene, which I was quite familiar with, having been jailed a few years previously for leading a skinhead gang in a racial attack. The uniform was bovver-boots (of course), a bowler style hat, and a white coat - the sort Doctors, at the time, wore in hospitals. Yes, I know it sounds silly now but nobody laughed at us for wearing it - or, at least, they did not laugh for long - and it was great fun to swagger around the city centre causing a stir. But we soon abandoned this uniform: we were just too conspicuous. Another lesson learned, from practical experience.

Suffice to say we had some jolly good times, especially at night when we would stalk the streets looking for suitable victims. Robbery was incidental - it was the violence we craved, we loved; the fear we instilled which we found thrilling. And a few of the lads - blooded, tested - moved on, were promoted, to become part of my inner group, mentioned above.

Fade, back to my political life in Leeds. While all the above was occurring, I was dutifully doing my duty as a street-agitator, and had been recruited by Column 88, a clandestine paramilitary and neo-nazi group, led by a former Special Forces officer, which at that time held regular military training sessions with the Territorial Army, the volunteer reserve force of the British Army. According to pukka gen received decades later, Column 88 was

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actually part of NATO's pan-European underground Gladio network, set up and trained to employ guerilla tactics against the Soviets had they ever invaded (as was still expected, in those days). But I knew nothing of this, at the time, and simply enjoyed being part of and training with Column 88.

In December of 1973 CE, I had managed to convince Morrison that we two, with our good ally Joe Short (who had a previous conviction for petrol-bombing a synagogue), should form a new political, more active (that is, more violent) and openly pro-Nazi, movement.

Morrison (front) at a rally, 1970's CE

Thus the National Democratic Freedom Movement (NDFM) was born, which was to have a brief, if exceedingly violent, existence, with Morrison as leader. Our intent was to build a revolutionary street movement, and so for seven or so months we held public meetings, organized demonstrations and protests, and generally had a jolly good time (or at least, I did).

As John Tyndall later wrote in his *Spearhead* magazine (April, 1983 CE):

> " The National Democratic Freedom Movement...concentrated its activities mainly upon acts of violence against its opponents. Before very long the NDFM had degenerated into nothing more than a criminal gang."

I would however, being pedantic, quibble with the words "degenerated into..." a criminal gang, since it had been such a gang from the beginning.

Among the highlights of that NDFM year, for me, were the following.

I smashed up (with one other NDFM member) an anti-apartheid exhibition, in Leeds (twice). I gave vitriolic extempore speeches at public meetings (some of

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which ended in violence when our opponents attacked). I waded into some Trade Union march or other, thumped a few people then stole and set fire to one of their banners (arrested, again). I arranged a meeting at Chapeltown, in Leeds (the heart of the Black community then) at which only five of us turned up, including Andrew Brons but not including Morrison. We faced a rather angry crowd of several hundred people, who threw bricks, stones, whatever, at us, and we few walked calmly right through them to our parked vehicles, and rather sedately drove away, our point made. No one said we could do it.

I spoke extempore at Speakers Corner in Hyde Park for around a half an hour to a crowd of over a thousand (it ended in a brawl) - the only person from the extreme Right to speak there since the days of Oswald Mosley. At the brawl, one of our stewards was arrested, and - the fighting over - we regrouped to march toward Downing Street, after which we all went our separate way (I quite naturally went to see and stay the weekend with my lady friend who lived in London).

Finally, toward the end of that Summer, a meeting we had arranged on Leeds Town Hall steps resulted in a mass brawl when the crowd of around a thousand attacked us, after I had harangued them for around half an hour. Several Police officers were injured as they tried to break up the fights. I was arrested (again) but after a while was granted bail. Morrison, and many of the others in the NDFM, had by then given up, disillusioned, and I spent the time before my trial occupying myself with Occult matters, which, in the previous six months, I had somewhat neglected. The NDFM simply slid into obscurity; U/S; a political failure - but, at least for me, it had proved to be an exceptionally valuable learning experience.

When my case came to trial, at Leeds Crown Court [9], I was accused of having "incited the crowd" and generally held responsible for most of the violence. I was found guilty of various so-called Public Order offences, and given a fine. I had no intention of paying the fine, and so, making various excuses, I left Leeds.

Facies Abyssi

For well over a year I evaded the consequences of not paying my fine, living as a vagrant, then in a caravan in the fenland, then spending three months living in a tent near Loch Ness. Writing poetry. Enjoying the good life. And so on. I even managed to go abroad, for a while, and play a minuscule rôle, of no

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importance, in a minuscule war, in Africa, which would also be of no Aeonic importance, as the majority if not all mundanes wars are of no Aeonic importance. But the Police eventually caught up with me, in England, and I was arrested, and sent to prison (yet again).

My previous experiences of "being inside" were useful when I was sent back to prison. Strangely, I somehow managed to wangle one of the best prison jobs, Library red-band, which meant that I had a single peter, that I took over a few rackets, and was left pretty much to my own devices in the library. One of the rackets revolved around drugs smuggled in by a bent screw; another centred on porn magazines ordered by the nonces on Rule 43 and which magazines had a strange habit of disappearing or not being delivered or getting handed round other cons for a price; another racked involved goods being liberated from certain prison stores. I remember one time when two friends of mine - who were involved in the smuggling racket - smoked a bit too much weed one afternoon and could not stop giggling...

At that time, prison life was a delicate balance, so I occasionally helped out someone who also had some rackets (centred around gambling) by getting people to "carry" tins of tobacco for him, or getting the bent screw to bring in a few items. Overall, a quite happy time, which meant that my release date seemed to come around quite quickly.

On release from prison, I was undecided, for a while, about what I should do. I visited my lady friend in London, who by then had larger premises and a more select clientèle, and then visited a few of the ceremonial Occult groups which had sort of carried on in my absence. I was particularly fond of one group, in Manchester - or rather, fond of one of the women involved with it - and so spent quite a few days there, at various times, enjoying certain delights which my stay in prison had denied me.

After travelling around for a while as an itinerant farm labourer [10], I went back to live in Leeds. Morrison [11] had some minuscule and new political organization, was still talking the same rhetoric, and still unrealistically dreaming of obtaining political power in a decade or so. At least he was, outwardly, consistent. I, however, still a young man, in my middle twenties, had a quite different - a dark and esoteric - wyrd, and, having learnt, I moved on, toward the Abyss within.

Thus, it was appropriate time for me to experience, and to learn from, another way of living; one almost the exact opposite of my years of ultra-violence, racketeering, and enjoying the delights of women. A monk in a Nazarene monastery would be ideal. So, shapeshifting, and conjuring up a new

version of myself, complete with a priestly reference from a friendly helpful priest, and using my own name [12], I applied to enter the novitiate of a certain monastery, was accepted, and was to spent almost eighteen months there, even though, given that this was an Insight Rôle, it was planned to last only a year, since I was eager to plan and to perform The Ceremony of Recalling, with opfer ending, having already made this intention of mine known to my ceremonial group in Manchester, who were thrilled, and keen to undertake that particular sinister ritual.

However, I was to stay somewhat longer than planned in the monastery because I was to find it an ideal place to not only further my Occult studies (including experimenting on myself), but also to continue to codify, refine and extend - from my own personal experience - the tasks and the tests which had been part of the esoteric septenary teaching system I had inherited from the mother of the young lady who had initiated me in a certain, very small, Left Hand Path group.

Footnotes:

[1] Hesiod, *Theog*, 27-28

> We have many ways to conceal – to name – certain things
> And the skill when we wish to expose their meaning

[2] For a brief exoteric summary, see Appendix 1.

[3] As I wrote a long time ago, now: "It is the vision of a Galactic Empire which runs through my past political life just as it is the quest to find and understand our human identity, and my own identity, and our relation to Nature, which runs through my personal and spiritual life, giving me the two aims which I consistently pursued since I was about thirteen years of age, regardless of where I was, what I was doing and how I was described by others or even by myself..."

These two aims are the basic ones of a certain esoteric association: to change, to evolve, human beings – to produce a new type of human being; and to leave this planet we call Earth (our childhood home), and establish ourselves among the star-systems of our own Galaxies, and other Galaxies.

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These require us to change, and evolve ourselves, as they require us to to disrupt, undermine, destroy, overthrow – or replace by any practical means – all existing societies, all governments, and all nations.

[4] One thing about school Physics I continued to immensely joy was practical work in the laboratory, for which work I almost always received an A plus. Indeed, on the one occasion I recall receiving a miserly plain A, I complained about the marking.

[5] Some of the tests of those times have been detailed in other autobiographical effusions of mine, including *Quod Fornicatio sit naturalis hominis.*

These tests, and my experiences as a cat-burglar, were to prove quite useful in later years when I began to codify, refine and extend certain esoteric aural traditions.

[6] As often, I make no pretence at remembering exactly what I said, or what others said to me, decades ago.

In the some of the incidents, I have vague recollections of the gist of what was said; in other incidents and instances (the majority), I recollect only the mood, only my own feelings, and perhaps the feelings, the reactions, of others, there.

In respect of those rare occasions when I can recollect (or believe I do correctly recollect) what I or others said - such as when the bewigged Judge, at my first criminal trial - shouted at me "Take him down!" after he had pronounced sentence upon me following my impassioned rhetoric when asked if I had "anything to say…" - such occasions are, more often than not, of a personal, intimate, nature, and thus unrelated to my outward political, Occult, and religious lives. As such they have little or no place in this recalling of what is, in essence, my baleful esoteric life.

[7] After a quite short while, my Lady and her daughter emigrated to Australia, without directly informing me beforehand. I was later to learn that her daughter had given birth to a girl, my daughter, whom I was to meet only decades later, at the small private funeral of my Lady. For she had stipulated, concerning their leaving, that I should not seek to find them, an obligation I honoured until the mother of my daughter contacted me to inform me of the passing of my Lady from this our causal realm.

[8] Some time later, and for a few years thereafter, I was occasionally questioned by Detectives - both "at-home", and down the local Nick - about firearms, as they had this strange belief that I had supplied weapons,

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including shotguns, to sundry people. Since I always denied everything, and they had no proof which would "stand-up in a Court of Law", I was never charged with any such offences.

[9] One humorous thing about this criminal trial - which lasted many days - was that I was "in the dock" along with some of our Red opponents. These so-called communists had all attired themselves in suits and ties and had short hair - in order to try and make a good impression - while I, *au contraire*, did not care to pander to mundane expectations, and so had grown a beard, had long hair, sported jeans, a collarless shirt without a tie, and wore an ex-RAF Greatcoat. Thus, I somewhat resembled the archetypal communist agitator while they resembled archetypal fascists.

I was to keep this bearded appearance for the next thirty years, although I did, on occasion, shave off my beard if I needed to travel somewhere incognito, often using some alternative identity.

[10] On one occasion I ended up in Suffolk, fruit-picking, and managed one evening, after work, to drink just a little too much of the local cider and somehow ended up sleeping beside a hedgerow where I was found, rather worse for wear, the next morning by some farm workers who brewed up a much needed cup of tea using a Kelly kettle.

[11] Morrison was, in later years, to - rather sadly, given his potential - descend into alcoholism and drug-addiction. He was also, over a quarter of a century after the demise of the NDFM, to pen his own recollections of those violent times; recollections which were somewhat inaccurate.

See *Appendix 2* for my comments on Morrison's recollections of those times. It should be noted that I have, here, slightly revised these previously published comments of mine, in line with the open honesty that permeates these autobiographical scribblings.

I was to learn, much later and from a newly recruited member of a certain esoteric association who just happened to be a Police officer, that, according to his sources, Morrison had done a deal with the Police, in 1974 CE after the violent rally on Leeds Town Hall steps. This deal involved putting all the blame for the violence on me, in exchange for the Police being lenient with him. This explains why - at my criminal trial at Leeds Crown Court where I was charged in connection with those events - the Prosecution never once mentioned that Morrison had spoken, very briefly, to the crowd.

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[12] In previous years, having an alternate identity or two proved quite useful, given my life-style and inclinations. As in some previous years, also useful - in the months after my release from prison, that year of me becoming a monk - was having someone sign some official form or other on my behalf, if needed, on those occasions when one might be required to sign such forms on a fortnightly or other basis. Useful - as I believe I mentioned in some previous autobiographical scribblings - as a possible alibi, but sometimes for other reasons, such as doing some seasonal work; or helping out a friend, or, as in the case of that hot, dry, late Spring and Summer, enabling my new female companion to stay in my rented accommodation and have some spending money while I ittied off on my oddy-knocky to do various things, esoteric and otherwise.

Appendix 1

(Extract from)
A Baleful Life
(121 Year of Fayen)

How would you sum up your life?

As a practical esoteric quest – an inner alchemy – combined with Presencing The Dark in practical ways. My nature has always been to prefer direct, personal, experience to theoretical study, to be curious and defiant, and to use the faculty of conscious Thought, the faculty of Reflexion, to try and understand myself, other human beings, and life in general.

I have always felt – since a quite early age – that human beings have great potential and can and should consciously change themselves. Given my baleful nature, I was never satisfied with the answers of others, and had to find things out for myself, often the hard way.

Your life certainly has been full of variety and a certain mystery. Is their a hidden pattern behind all this variety?

Yes, and that is my following of a certain esoteric Way, what is traditionally termed The Seven Fold Sinister Way, from Initiate, to Internal Adept, to Master, and beyond. A progression of inner change due to outer experiences, both esoteric and exoteric. With these experiences including such esoteric techniques as Insight Rôles, and practical sorcery.

In essence, I have, for over forty years, been a Sorcerer of The Left Hand Path: someone who has employed both Internal and Aeonic Sorcery (Magick) to achieve certain goals and as a means to Presence The Dark, both within myself and exterior to myself.

Thus, there is nothing really mysterious about me – I have simply been someone dedicated to living a certain esoteric Way of Life. Someone who has made quite a few mistakes along the way – often due to stubbornness or an unbalanced arrogance – but who has been able to be honest with

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themselves, admit their mistakes, learn from them, and move on.

Would you say that something like the Complete Guide to the Sinister Way, the traditional approach, is still relevant?

Yes, certainly, for many people need a map, some guidebook, drawn or produced by those who have gone that way before them. As mentioned in several ONA texts, the traditional Seven Fold Sinister Way, with its Grades, its training techniques, its Insight Rôles, its physical tests, is a guide, a map, produced by those who have already travelled along the Sinister Way and reached that strange, wyrdful, destination that lies beyond the Abyss.

While such a map, such a guidebook, is not essential, not strictly necessary, it can be exceedingly useful in shortening the time-scale of those who subsequently travel the same route, or who seek the same destination by a different route.

My own life is one example of someone travelling without a good map, without a guidebook; an example of someone who pushed on, into (for him) uncharted territory, and who after many trials and tribulations, after over forty years of travelling and exploring, finally reached the place he set out to find.

Thus, in one sense, the ONA is the map, the guidebook, I produced as a result of my travels, my exploration

Yet, the ONA has now evolved to become much more than that – much more than simply some guide, some map, I produced, for others. The ONA has become far more than one individual named Anton Long. It has become, as mentioned above, a living-being, that is, a living Kollective, a sinister nexus composed of sinister nexions, with these nexions consisting of independent individuals, of sinister groups (such as Traditional Nexions), of sinister tribes, of Balobians, and so on.

This change, this evolution, of the ONA is necessary, welcome; exactly what should occur. But the map, the guidebook, I produced are still there, still part of this living, changing, evolving, ONA, and still useful and relevant, which those interested can use to guide them along their own sinister journey if they choose to use such a map, such a guidebook.

Expressed simply, these particular esoteric means, this map and guidebook, are one way to produce more and sinister Adepts in a shorter time than it took me.

But didn't you inherit a map, a guide, from the Lady Master who guided you?

Yes, but it wasn't all that useful when I came to use it. It was rather like those ancient maps which were not drawn "to scale", which were in black and white, which had a number of charting errors, which had loads of gaps with the legend "Here Be Dragons", and which more often than not lacked the names of places, and which did not give topographical features.

So, I went out and made a new map, charting my progress along the way. A scale map, in colour, with grid references, with places named; with topographical features highlighted, and so on. This took a while – several decades, in fact.

Any regrets?

Regret is a causal limitation, involving a certain causal apprehension; and redolent of that mode of

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causal being which constrains us, as individuals, and has constrained us, as a species.

Instead of this old, limiting, causal way, one has to open the nexion within one's being, and perceive and feel things in a more acausal manner. That is, one has to: (1) have the perspective, the understanding, of Destiny, of the individual moments of one's own life as a process of one's own change, one's own transformation and evolution, as a potentiality of a new type of being; and also (2) have the perspective, the understanding, of Wyrd, of how one's own life is in flux with Aeonic forces, with the change of Aeons, of Nature, of Life, and of the Cosmos itself, in both its causal and its acausal modes of being.

What this means in practical terms is that one feelings, one's emotions, are or can be useful vectors of one's own inner change; that *pathei-mathos* – a learning from the hardships, the pains, the suffering, of personal experience – is not only beneficial, a means, a process, to enable us to evolve, as human beings, but also testing, a means, a process, whereby the best, those possessed of arête, flourish.

In brief, *pathei-mathos* is a good test for human beings; what keeps mundanes as mundanes, or – more often than not – what destroys, what breaks, mundanes. But also, a means to attain, and to reveal, arête.

So, no, I have no regrets – I have only a learning from my experiences and mistakes.

Appendix 2

NDFM

Around 2005 CE, a former political associate of mine - Eddy Morrison - wrote his version of some events which occurred in and around Leeds between the years 1972 and 1974. Since his version of events differs from the reality I remember it is only fitting that I present here "my side of the story".

It should be noted that - despite some personal and political differences between myself and this person - I steadfastly defended him for well over ten years, often praising his commitment and dedication to "the Cause". In the 1980's I had occasion to defend and praise him to John Tyndall, then leader of the BNP. This led Tyndall to comment: "your loyalty to him is commendable..." Yet I was to learn that this person - or Street Soldier as he styled himself - had also been in contact with Tyndall, and "warned Tyndall about me", having sent copies of newspaper articles about me containing unproven allegations of involvement with Satanism. Tyndall was one of the very few people, over the past three decades, to have the honour, the decency, to ask me in person for "my side of the story". Tyndall was always wary of Morrison, having, in the April 1983 CE issue of his *Spearhead* magazine, written about Morrison in less than complimentary terms, stating that, "I know a good deal about the career of Eddy Morrison..."

Morrison wrote:

> Ok, we thought, if they want trouble we'll go over the top. We booked an open air public meeting for a Saturday morning (1973) and again our blaring red posters announced that our National Leader, Colin Jordan would be speaking. When we arrived

> (about twenty of us), the whole area was occupied by a veritable sea of reds. Not only IS turned up to stop our speaking, but the Communist Party and a host of smaller groups. We were badly outnumbered but steamed into the reds. In a few seconds, fist fights had broke out all over the Town Hall steps. I was struggling with a Zionist "class warrior". I noticed Dave Myatt was on the floor being kicked by the reds. We pulled him away and with a few cuts and bruises to our credit, we beat a hasty but sensible retreat. (Memoirs of a Street Soldier.)

Morrison, it seems, is mixing-up two separate events, separated by a year. The only time in those often violent years that I was "on the floor, being kicked by Reds" was during the later outdoor demonstration of the NDFM at Leeds Town Hall steps when I was jumped on from behind by a Red, who was then jumped on by a Policeman with all three of us tumbling down the steps. I landed on my back, pinned down by the Policeman. It was then that some cowardly person kicked me twice in the head after which I was arrested and taken to a nearby Police Station.

Morrison wrote:

> From the first it was attack, attack, attack! Our first activities included the turning over (twice!) of an Anti-Apartheid Exhibition in Leeds. Another activity that got us a stack of publicity and our first arrests, was a counter-demo to an Anti-Racist march in Bradford. This one hit the news because some of our lads captured their main anti-racist TUC banner and publicly burned it! (Memoirs of a Street Soldier.)

I was the one responsible for both the attacks on the Anti-Apartheid Exhibition (which attacks were my idea), on each occasion accompanied by only one other activist. I was also arrested at the Anti-Racist march in Bradford and charged with destroying the anti-racist banner. It should also be noted that while Eddy Morrison and myself jointly formed the NDFM, I was the one who agitated for its creation, eventually convincing him the formation of such an organization was a good idea.

Morrison wrote:

> At this time I had the unpleasant duty of rooting out and expelling a small bunch of "Satanists" who thought that tying our White Nationalism with their weird cult practices would get us front page publicity. It did! But although they say any publicity is good publicity, it isn't always. I had to take a bunch of our inner core harder members and eject about seven of these Cult people from our membership and ban them from our HQ. It was a pity as one in particular whose name I have mentioned earlier was a stalwart founder member. Why he went off the rails I'll never really know, and expelling him was painful but very necessary. (Memoirs of a Street Soldier.)

There was indeed a "bunch of satanists" which including quite a few NDFM members (plus a Solicitor). The newspaper interview was, for me, a learning experience. I had decided to give an interview (my first) with a journalist to talk about our new NS movement, the NDFM. I briefly mentioned how it might be possible for chaos to be created by subversive means, and subversive groups, as a prelude to a revolution which an NS movement could take advantage of, and as a bit of a jape (well, I was only in my early twenties), I made one vague reference to how Occultism could be subversively useful. This, I knew, would interest him, which of course, it did.

The journalist promised to let me read his final copy before it was published and several photographs of me were taken, with him suggesting I hold something to do with the Occult, which I

again did (what a lark - Joe Short had given that Occult thingy to me a few days before). Our conversation lasted for about half an hour, during which the journalist took a few notes (it was not recorded).

I assumed that he would simply recount what I had said. Of course he neither showed me the article before publication, nor printed what I said, except for one short sentence about causing chaos. The whole article was a fabrication, designed to be sensationalist and to discredit me. This whole episode was to be a very interesting, worthwhile, experience for me: pathei-mathos, as Aeschylus wrote.

As for the allegations which the journalist made about animal sacrifice, they were investigated by both the Police and the RSPCA whose conclusion was that they were lies concocted by the journalist to get his name on the front page of the newspaper and sell more copies. As I have said many times: "We do not, have not and will not sacrifice any animals because there is an abundance of human dross suitable for being opfers."

In addition, about this matter, as elsewhere, Eddy Morrison seems rather forgetful. All he did was call round to my garret accompanied by one other NDFM member whom I knew well. Morrison - standing well away from me when I, as almost always, answered the downstairs door, armed - then announced his "expulsion" of me. I did not care - for I was then planning to return to Africa, and enlist in the Rhodesian Army, having already made contact with someone there. So I said nothing, and Morrison went away. This "expulsion" lasted only about six weeks, after which it was "business as usual". Without my violent activism, my public speaking, my fanaticism, the NDFM had become moribund.

Morrison wrote:

> We organised a meeting on Leeds Town Hall steps in the Summer of 1974 and I was the main speaker. We had fifty or so NDFM "stormtroopers" protecting the meeting, but were opposed by a bunch of red weirdos including "Transexuals Against the Nazis". I spoke for about twenty minutes whilst the lads (and some lasses) held back the red filth. There were local reporters everywhere and although the police soon closed the meeting, we got away with two arrests and a few cuts and bruises. (Memoirs of a Street Soldier.)

The "We" who organized this meeting were the Street Soldier and myself, and he was not the main speaker. I was. I spoke for nearly half an hour and managed to control the seething crowd of Reds by haranguing them. I also dealt quite well with many hecklers. Then the Street Soldier began to speak. He spoke for only a few minutes before the Reds surged forward and fighting began. It was during this fighting that - as I recalled above - I was jumped on from behind by a Red and then by a Policeman. I and one other NDFM member were arrested and subsequently charged with "Breach of the Peace". Several Reds were also arrested and charged with various offences, and several Police officers were injured as they tried to break up the fights.

When my case came to Trial, the Prosecution tried to prove that I had "incited the crowd", and there was no mention whatsoever by either the Police or the Prosecution of the "Street Soldier" having spoken or having "incited the crowd". I was found guilty on the lying evidence of one dishonourable Police officer, and one of the Reds was also convicted and sent to Prison.

Morrison wrote:

> We were told by London nationalists that NOBODY spoke at Hyde Park Corner. That was an open invitation for us to book a coach and take fifty NDFM down to Speakers Corner in Hyde Park. We set up a stand and three of our people spoke, whilst I controlled the stewards. We soon attracted a large crowd of lefties and for some reason a stack of anti-fascist Jewish taxi drivers. We held them at bay as long as we could. I was knocked senseless by some Zionist wielding a metal object. With blood streaming from quite a few cuts we marched away under police observation singing "We'll meet again" to the Reds. It was only a short meeting but we had broken the taboo. White Nationalists had again spoken at Speakers Corner.

In fact, only two people spoke at this rally: myself and Joe Short. I stood on a rather shaky table and spoke for about half an hour or so, haranguing the crowd and dealing with several hecklers. I then stepped down, and Joe Short (who looked rather like Alfred Rosenberg) began to speak. He did not speak for long - only a few words in fact - before the Reds surged forward and some fighting began. One of our stewards was arrested and later charged with possessing an offensive weapon. I believe part of my speech was filmed by an NDFM member using an 8mm camera. We then proceeded to walk toward Downing Street, followed by the Police, before dispersing. I spent that weekend in London, with a lady friend who lived near the Roundhouse.

In respect of Eddy Morrison himself, we were both once arrested by the Regional Crime Squad and thrown into Prison for several weeks. Before this imprisonment - during my "interrogation" - he came into the room several times and asked me to co-operate with the Police, which I refused to do. I believe he did not, at that time, realize the potential seriousness of the charges which might be against us.

Happy days of ultraviolence .....

Appendix 3

Origin Of The Name Anton Long

Since I have often been asked about the origin of the name, AL, it is perhaps pertinent to make some mention of the matter, here.

The truth, as often, is somewhat prosaic. In the early 1970's (CE) I and a companion were on a cycling holiday in the south of England, and passed through the Test Valley. On looking at our map to find a suitable place to camp, we came across a nearby river, named Anton.

I chanced to comment that Anton was a somewhat strange name for an English river, to which my companion replied that it wasn't a very long river either, if indeed it really was a river at all. In that moment, some weird connexions were made, and it occurred to me that Anton Long might be a fun name to use.

A strange name (Anton) for something "English", which though named as a river (which are usually long), was in reality not what it appeared to be (it was more of a short wide stream, than a long,

proper, river), and which name looked better in print (on a map) than it did in the real world. Well, you really had to be there to appreciate the boyish sense of humour...

Addendum

Editorial Note & Glossary
(by RS)

Part Two of *Bealuwes Gast* deals with the years from late 1976 to 2009 CE, and which years saw the author as a Nazarene monk; saw him translate various works of Greek literature, and write extensively about National-Socialism; saw him become involved, once again, with NS politics (Combat 18 and his own NSM, of which he was the leader); saw him accused of inspiring and influencing David Copeland (the London nail-bomber); saw him arrested by SO12 of Scotland Yard on charges of incitement to murder; him travel to the Middle East and beyond, including cycling through the Sahara Desert; saw him convert to Islam, and become involved with radical Islam, publicly express his support for bin Laden, the Taliban, and martyrdom operations; saw him develope his own mystical philosophy which he termed The Numinous Way; and saw him successfully expand his own Occult group, the ONA, into an influential, world-wide, sinister collective. *Part Two* also deals with another aspect of the author's varied life - as poet, and philosopher of The Numinous Way.

Attap - traditional Malay building, with a roof thatched with Palm leaves

B & E - breaking and entering (burglary)

Bender - a suspended prison sentence.

Blagger - armed robber

Bumph - documents, usually boring (often official) material

European - Caucasians from Europe

Fence - dealer in stolen goods

Gen - facts; knowledge; information

Gharry - Colonial British slang for a vehicle which conveys people (esp. Europeans) from place to place

G & T - Gin and Indian Tonic Water

Grass - to inform on, to the Police

Memsaabs - Colonial (White, European) women

Nick -Police Station

Nonce - convicted child-molester

Panga - African term for the type of machete used in Africa

Peter - prison slang for a cell

Pukka - good; reliable (as in pukka gen: reliable info)

Red-band - prison trustee

Rule 43 - secure segregation in prison

Screw - prison officer (warder)

Tooled-up - to carry a weapon (usually a gun)

U/S - unserviceable; usually beyond repair.

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